

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENHANCES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Göthe*.

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VOL. 43—No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

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{ 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. MAPLESON begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Subscribers, that the OPERA SEASON will commence on Saturday in Easter week (April 22nd). The prospectus, which will contain features of musical interest, will be issued in due course.

March 14th, 1865.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The First NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT will be on WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 5th. The Public Rehearsal on Saturday Afternoon, April 1st.—W. G. NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday Mornings May 6th, May 27th, June 17th.

3, Osmaburgh Terrace, N.W.

PROGRAMME OF MADAME ALICE MANGOLD'S MATINEE D'INVITATION, at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, on Monday, March 27th, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock.
Part 1. Trio in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. 1. Allegro; 2. Adagio con brio; 3. Allegretto con variazioni. Madame ALICE MANGOLD, Herr Louis DIETZL, and Signor PEZZI. Beethoven. Aria, "Voi che sapete" (*Nozze di Figaro*). Madile LIEBHART. Mozart. Aria, "Il sogno." Mr. PATEY. Mercadante. Violoncello Obligato by Signor PEZZI. Solo, Pianoforte et Musette. Madame ALICE MANGOLD. Bach.

Part 2. Grand Concertante Duo for two Pianofortes, on the Bohemian March in Praciosa. The Misses CATHERINE and HARRIET ENGLEBACH. Mendelssohn and Muschelles. Song, "Good Morning," Madile LIEBHART. Franz Abt. Solo, Pianoforte—Moto continuo—Miss PEPPERELL. Weber. Song, "In sheltered vale," Mr. PATEY. Solo, Pianoforte, Miss HARRIET ENGLEBACH. Song, "Kukukuk," Madile LIEBHART. Franz Abt. Solo, Piano, "Jagdlied," Madame ALICE MANGOLD. Schumann.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Seventh Season, 1865.—FIRST ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL CONCERT, at St. James's-hall, on Wednesday Evening, March 29th, at half-past 8. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Beethoven's symphony in C, Dramatic cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerton," by Henry Smart (the first time in London), Mdme. Sundersdorf, Messrs. Cummings and Weiss, and a professional chorus of 80 voices, under the direction of Mr. Smython. Sebastian Bach's concerto in A minor, violin, and the recitative and andante from Spohr's sixth concerto, violin, Herr Joachim; Beethoven's trio, "Tremote," and Auber's overture to "Lesocq." The annual subscription (one guinea) for 1865 was due on the 1st of January, and should be paid forthwith to Cramer & Co., 201, Regent-street, to whom, or to the Honorary Secretary, immediate application should be made by those who desire to join the Society before the first concert. A limited number of boxes and balcony tickets at 10s. 6d., and gallery tickets at 3s. 6d., may be obtained by early application to Cramer & Co., and at St. James's-hall, 28, Piccadilly.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.
36, Baker-street, Portman-square, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Mrs. R. C. Roney) begs to announce that her ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place at the St. James's-hall, on Tuesday, April 4th, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. The following eminent artists will appear: Vocalists—Madame Parry, Madile Liehart, Madame Malton-Dolby, Miss Poole, Madile Linas Martorelli, Mrs. Lockey, Madame Weiss, Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Florence De Courcy, Miss Grace Lindo, Miss Susan Pyne, Mrs. Merest (Marie B. Hawes), and Miss Louisa Pyne; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Paey, Mr. Wilfrid Cooper, Signor Cibatta, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Mr. Edward Howell; harp, Herr Oberthür. Conductors—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Brinley Richards, Wilhelm Ganz, Aguilar, and Benedict. During the concert, a duet for Harp and Pianoforte, on airs from "Norma," will be played by Herr Oberthür and Mr. Aguilar; also Mr. Lindsay Sloper's quartet for four performers on two pianos, entitled "Thèmes fr m Lizar's 'S-îrén de Rossini,'" will be played by Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, Harold Thomas, and Madame Arabella Goddard. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. RONEY, 10, Gloucester-crescent, Regents-ark; at Mr. AUSTIN's office, at the Hall; and of Messrs. CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond-street.

MISS ANNA HILES, "Prima Donna of the Royal English Opera, Covent-garden, and Her Majesty's Theatre," begs respectfully to announce that all communications, concerning Oratorio or Concert engagements, may be addressed, 9, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, B.C.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, SUBSCRIBERS, AND the Public, are most respectfully informed that the Opera Season of 1865, will commence on Tuesday next, March 28th, on which occasion will be performed, Gounod's Opera (in five acts) entitled, FAUST E MARGHERITA. Margherita, Madile. Berini (her first appearance in England). Siebel, Madile. Honoré, (her first appearance in England) Marta, Madile. Anese, Madile. Grisostole, Signor Attri, Valentino, Signor Graziani, Wagner, Signor Tagliafico, and Faust, Signor Mario.

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Subscription Night, next Thursday.

First Appearance of Signor WACHTEL

Thursday next, March 30th, will be given as a Subscription Night (in lieu of the last Saturday of the Season), when will be performed, for the first time this Season, Verdi's Opera, in Four Acts, IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Madile. Fricci (her first appearance this Season) Inez, Madile. Anese, Azucena, Madile. Honoré (her first appearance in that character), Il Conte di Luna, Signor Graziani, Ferrando, Signor Tagliafico, Ruiz, Signor Luceschi, Un Zingaro, Signor Rossi, and Manrico, Signor Wachtel (his first appearance this Season).

The Opera commences at half-past Eight. Pit Tickets, 7s., Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s. Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, also Prospects with full particulars of the arrangements of the Season, may be had at the Box-office under the Portico of the Theatre, and at the principal Musicsellers and Librarians.

MDLLE. EMMY POGET, Court-singer to Her Royal Highness the Duchess Sophia of Württemberg, and Elise of Signor Roman, has the honor to announce that she will arrive in London from Florence early in April.—Letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCHOTT & CO., 129, Regent-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce that she will give a GRAND CONCERT, on Monday Evening, April 17th, 1865, at St. James's-hall, Regent-street and Piccadilly, on which occasion the following Eminent Artists will appear:—Vocalists, Madame Florence Lancia and Madame Salton-Dolby. Miss Palmer, Madame Louise Vining, Madame Weiss, Miss Stubbach, Madile Liehart, Madile Ercolani, Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Louisa Pyne. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Cummings, Signor Cibatta, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Violin, Herr Strauss; Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Conductors, Messrs. Pinsuti, Frank Mori, Bucaloisi, and Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. TENNANT, 5, Grosvenor-street, W.; at Mr. AUSTIN's Office at the Hall; and of Messrs. CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond-street.

A CONTRALTO, well-known in the Profession, is desirous of a SUNDAY ENGAGEMENT.—Address, B. B., care of Cramer & Co., (Limited) 201, Regent-street.

MADÉMOISELLE LIEBHART will Sing Franz Abt's CUCKOO SONG, and also his GOOD MORNING, at Madame Alice Mangold's Matinée, Beethoven Rooms, on the 27th inst.; and on the 4th of April at Miss Helen Hogarth's Evening Concert, St. James's-hall. Each 2s. 6d.

O YE TEARS, O YE TEARS! Ballad. 2s. 6d. First sung by Madame LEMMIS-SHERINGTON.

O YE TEARS, O YE TEARS! FRANZ ABT. All Music-sellers. 2s. 6d.

THE MOUNTAIN WANDERER. Song. GEO. LINLEY. 2s. 6d.

JENNY of the MILL. Song. 3s.

THE LIQUID GEM. Ballad. 2s. 6d.

THE LIQUID GEM. For Piano. BRINLEY RICHARDS. 3s.

THE TIMES and TELEGRAPH GALOP, for Piano. Composed by E. E. ARMSTRONG. Finely Illustrated. 3s.

London: BOSSER COCKS & CO., New Burlington-street.

MR. E. J. HOPKINS begs to inform his friends that he has removed from No. 9, Heathcoat-street, to No. 18, ARGYLL SQUARE, KING'S CROSS, W.C.

[March 25, 1865.]

MISS FREETH begs to announce her removal to 48, Burlington Road, St. Stephen's Square, Bayswater.

MADLLE. GEORGI AND MADLLE. CONSTANCE GEORGI, having fulfilled their engagements at Barcelona and Madrid, will arrive in London March 27th. All communications are requested to be addressed to one of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 20A, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADEMOISELLE LIEBHART.—All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, in London or the Provinces, for Madle. Liebhart, to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, 244, Regent Street, or to Madle. Liebhart's residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH begs to announce that he has returned from Paris.—30, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MMR. ALBERTO LAURENCE will sing Signor Randegger's new song "Beneath the blue transparent sky," (a song of Venice) at the City Hall, Glasgow, THIS Saturday evening, March 25th.

MISS EMILY SPENCER, Soprano. All communications to be addressed to 29, Westbourne Gardens, W.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that she has removed from Osnaburgh-street, and requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, and Pupils, be addressed to her, at her new residence, 60, Burlington-road, St. Stephen's-Square, Bayswater.

MMR. FRANK ELMORE will sing (by particular request) "Adelaide" (Beethoven) and "Thou art so near and yet so far," (Reichardt) at the City Hall, Glasgow, on April the 1st.

MILLE. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song "Peacefully slumber," throughout her Provincial Tour.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, Soho Square.

MMR. PATEY will sing, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at Madame ALICE MANGOLD'S Matinée, at the Beethoven Rooms, Monday, March 27th.

TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.
TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.—Works Engraved and Printed, in the best style, at very moderate prices, by F. BOWCHER, 3 Little Marlborough Street.

"AT MORNING'S BREAK" (MORGEN FENSTERLN)

MDLLLE. LIEBHART'S Admired Song, sung by the Popular Austrian Vocalist, is published, price 3s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO. 244, Regent Street, W.

W. GANZ, "La Voglia,"
MAZURKA DE CONCERT.

THIS ELEGANT MAZURKA, by the composer of the popular "Qui Vive" Galop, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent-street.

JUST PUBLISHED, "SO CHE PER GIOCO." BARCAROLLE. The poetry by METASTASIO. The Music by ADOLFO FERRARI, and "My home is on the mountain." The poetry by JESSICA RANKIN. The music by ADOLFO FERRARI, price 3s. each.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street, W.
Two songs, the one Italian and the other English, from the pen of Signor Adolphe Ferrari, have just been published by Messrs. DAVISON and Co. The first is a barcarolle, "So che per gioco," the poetry from Metastasio, whose sweet verses have inspired the composer with a melody in the pure Italian style—the style of the great old masters, the Jommelli's and Cimarossas of the last century. It is indeed a gem of simplicity, grace, and feeling. The other is an English ballad, "My home is on the mountain," the poetry by Miss Jessica Rankin; less remarkable than its Italian companion, but exceedingly elegant and pleasing.—(Illustrated News.)

PUBLISHED this Day.

HAREBELL'S FIFTH MAZURKA CARACTERISTIQUE for the PIANOFORTE, composed by WALTER MACFARREN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W., where may be obtained, "TARANTELLA" for the Pianoforte, composed by WALTER MACFARREN.

NEW MUSIC.

GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA, THE Mock Doctor, (LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI).

By CH. GOUNOD (Composer of "Faust.")

Performed at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, with the greatest success. The Opera complete, with French or English Words, 16s.

The following are Just Published:—

The Overture. For Pianoforte. Price 4s.; Duet, 5s.

Nava.—Favourite Airs. For the Pianoforte. Price 5s.

Kuhe.—Fantasia. On favourite airs, including "The Faggot-binders' Chorus." Price 4s.

G. A. Osborne.—Faggot-binders' Chorus. Arranged for the Pianoforte. 3s.

Richards.—Serenade. Arranged for the Pianoforte. Price 2s. 6d.

H. W. Goodban.—Soft and Low (Sung by CORRI). Transcribed for the Pianoforte. 3s.

Go Wander Through the World. Sung by Mdm. FANNY HUDDART. Price 2s. 6d.

In Youth's Season. Serenade. Sung by Mr. HAIGH. Price 2s. 6d.

Prison'd in a Cage. Sung by Mr. HAIGH. Price 2s. 6d.

Woman's Vengeance. Sung by Miss POOLE. Price 2s. 6d.

Soft and Low. The drinking song. Sung by Mr. CORRI. Price 3s.

Quadrille. By CAMILLE SCHUBERT. Illustrated. Price, Solo or Duet, 4s.

Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY*.

*** He was a man rather under the ordinary stature and size, somewhat neglectful of his personal appearance, yet graceful in his walk and bearing. His head was covered with glossy black hair, curling in light locks; his forehead, as beffited the head which teemed with such a burden of thought and feeling, was high and arched; his features sharply cut but noble. His eyes were unspeakably expressive: when they glowed with indignation, or looked at you with estrangement, too much to bear; but, in his general friendly mood, indescribably charming; his nose, noble, and inclined to the Roman type; his mouth, firm, fine, in his serious moods more than dignified, authoritative, I might say, yet capable of the sweetest smile and the most winning expression. In this graceful, finely moulded form was hidden not only a royal spirit, but a most kindly heart. To speak out in a single word what was the most salient feature of his character, he was a Christian in the fullest sense. He knew and he loved the Bible as few do in our time: out of his familiarity with it grew his unshaken faith, and that profound spiritual-mindedness without which it would have been impossible for him to produce those deep-felt sacred compositions; and, besides this, the other principle of the genuine Christian life, love, was powerful in him. God had blessed him with a large measure of this world's goods; but he made a noble use of them. He carried the biblical injunction into effect, to "visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction," and he knew that to feed the hungry and clothe the naked is a fast acceptable to the Lord. His threshold was always besieged by the needy of all sorts, but his kindness knew no bounds; and the delicacy and consideration with which he treated the recipients of his bounty largely increased the worth of his gifts, valuable as they were, even in a merely material sense. Since he died, deed upon deed has come to light, which I am not at liberty here to relate, out of courtesy to the receiver, out of consideration to the giver, which only shows how literally he fulfilled the Saviour's injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

But what is to be reckoned largely to his credit is, that, with his worldly advantages, he cherished such a love of work; that he was a man of such restless activity. Many successful wokers of the German Muse have been the children of poverty, and, without the stimulus of necessity, would have always been unknown: in many a man of genius, the sad experience has been repeated, that, so soon as Fortune smiled, his genius has been soothed to easy slumbers; but Mendelssohn, born in the lap of luxury, never gave himself with easy resignation to a life of contentment with worldly comforts; he used his wealth as a means of giving his talents the more exclusively to his art; he did not compose in order to live, but he lived in order to compose. I must grant that this impulse to labor was the law of his nature. To be idle was for him to die. Sometimes, while his pupils in the Conservatorium were engaged on their tasks, he would execute charming little landscapes with his pen, which he used to gather up and carry home. No little thing was able to disturb him when he composed. The place was indifferent. Sometimes, on his journeys, he would seat himself at a table as soon as he had reached an inn, and had established himself for a tarry, long or short, for dinner or for the night, "to write his notes," as he used to say. What he was to his wife and his children, despite this ceaseless activity, I need not try to tell. Enough to say, that he was the most devoted of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers. Whoever did not know him intimately, and perceive how careful he was to shield himself from over-excitement, and every kind of influence which should jar upon him, would hardly suspect that his heart was framed for friendship, and that he was a very approachable man. But the large number of his intimate correspondents; the openness with which he revealed himself to them; the hearty interest in their work and welfare: and especially the close bonds which bound him to his friends in Düsseldorf, London, and Leipzig; the rich store of communications which his friends still hold,—declare the very opposite. Of course, a man like him could not open his nature to every one who approached: this was sheerly impossible. He was in much the same

position as Goethe, though with a far warmer and more communicative nature than he. But Mendelssohn carried to an almost morbid extent an unwillingness to allude to anything pertaining to himself. From principle, he almost never read what was written about himself; and he was very unwilling that anything, musical criticism excepted, should be published about him. The will of a living man must be law in such a matter as this: I trust that a desire to paint him worthily, now he has left us, would not offend his pure nature. Enthusiasm, such as greeted him so often, indeed so constantly, was not grateful to him; he had seen so much that was factitious, that he distrusted the real, excepting upon the fullest evidence that it was real. Discriminating praise, however, gratified him. That he was sometimes irritated, and out of tune, so to speak, as one may say of a musical artist; that he was occasionally subject to a temporary ill-humour,—no one who knew him well, will deny: but so finely strung a nature must be exceedingly sensitive; and one who carried in his mind such a burden of thoughts might well be pardoned for neglecting other men's talk sometimes, and giving full vent to himself. His whole education and training had been such as to fit him for the most polished society. In large gatherings he was, for the most part, very much reserved; especially where he did not think it worth while to make much effort: but, if he did once break the silence, word followed word, each weighty and comprehensive; his enunciation became very rapid; his countenance was all aflame; and, as his knowledge compassed all departments of learning, he wandered at his will over the whole domain of science and art. In circles of his nearest friends, where he felt entirely at home, and did not fear being misunderstood, he was often merry and free to the very last extent of unrestraint. Larger circles he used often to enliven with graceful contributions of his art; and the social gatherings of the Leipzig singers remember his presence with the greatest interest. Especially his four-part songs, both in the rehearsals and when they sang them at the table, gave to all the highest pleasure. At such times, Mendelssohn was the very picture of amiability, the personification of a lovely character.

A very beautiful feature in Mendelssohn was his treatment of other artists, particularly those whose direction differed widely from his own. That he should be on the kindest terms with such men as Moscheles, Rietz, and David, whose career ran in parallel course with his own, and who were, moreover, his personal friends, is not at all to be wondered at. Yet it would not seem surprising, if, with the singleness of his devotion to his profession, and the intense earnestness with which he approached music, with the exactness—and, perhaps I might say, the rigid severity—of his self-discipline, he had turned away somewhat coldly from those whose life's course did not coincide with his own. Yet this was very seldom the case. In his judgments on the efforts of artists personally unknown to him, he was very careful and considerate; yet the play of his features was an excellent barometer of his feelings. The vast numbers of virtues whose merit lies alone in their rapid execution, he bore with great patience. He did not refuse to acknowledge this kind of skill, while often pained to the soul at the ill-treatment which great masterpieces suffered at the hands of such interpreters. But, where soul and taste were associated with the mechanical talent, he was the first to express his satisfaction, and to speak words of approbation; and to such artists he was the kindest benefactor. Some examples may show this. In January 1840, Franz Liszt came to Leipzig, for the first time, to give concerts. By reason of the somewhat mercantile aspect of his agent's conduct, and the prominence which the latter gave to the preliminary business arrangements, together with some unwonted changes which he made in the Music Hall, the public judgment was arrayed against Liszt, even before he made his appearance. When he seated himself at the piano, he was not only not greeted with applause, but there were actually a few hisses heard. Liszt cast a defiant glance at the audience, and struck out into his finest style, fairly compelling the disaffected to forget their prejudice for the moment, and applaud. Still for this there was an unpleasant gulf between Liszt and the Leipzig musical public. The reconciliation was but momentary. In this emergency, what did Mendelssohn do? He gave Liszt a brilliant *souiré* in the hall of the Gewandhaus, to which he invited half the musical world of Leipzig; and provided not only a feast of melody fit for the gods, but a substantial banquet of earthly delicacies besides. It was a party on the grandest scale,

* [Leypoldt, of Philadelphia, has in press the "Life of Mendelssohn," by Lampadius, translated and edited by William Leonard Gage, from which we (*Dwight's Journal of Music*—Boston) are kindly permitted to make the following extract in advance of publication.]

[March 25, 1865.]

and he and his wife played the parts of host and hostess in the most graceful and winning style. Madame Mendelsohn, clad in a simple white dress, moved up and down among her guests like a fair visitant from heaven. The music on that brilliant occasion was equal to the demands of the hour; and it may be said without exaggeration, that perhaps Liszt never heard finer in his life. At his desire, there were given the then new "C-major Symphony" by Schubert, the Forty-second Psalm, and some passages from Mendelsohn's *St. Paul*. At the close Mendelsohn played Bach's triple concerto with Liszt and Hiller. The manner with which the great Leipzig master comported himself towards the unwelcome stranger completely won over the musical public of the city; and, when Liszt gave his next concert, he was received and dismissed with the greatest applause.

The next instance of Mendelsohn's magnanimity occurred in 1843. In February of that year, Hector Berlioz came from Weimar to Leipzig. He knew that his own direction diverged fundamentally from that of Mendelsohn, and feared that his reception by the latter would be rather cool. Chelard of Weimar encouraged him to write to Mendelsohn; Mendelsohn's answer was as follows:

"Dear Berlioz, I thank you heartily for your pleasant letter, and am rejoiced that you still remember our old friendship in Rome. I shall never forget it in my life, and shall be glad to talk it over with you. Everything that I can do to make your stay in Leipzig agreeable to you, I shall make equally my duty and my pleasure. I believe I can assure you that you will be happy here, and be quite satisfied both with artists and public." (Then follow some passages regarding the preliminary details of a concert.) "I charge you to come as soon as you can leave Weimar. I shall rejoice to give you my hand, and to bid you welcome to Germany. Do not laugh at my bad French, as you used to do at Rome, but remain my friend, as you were then; and I shall always be your own,"

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

Berlioz came to Leipzig during the rehearsals of the *Walpurgis Night*, which appeared to him a masterpiece. He reminded Mendelsohn of their residence* at Rome, and their experience at the Baths of Caracalla (where Berlioz had made fun of Mendelsohn's belief in immortality, retribution after death, providence, &c.); and asked him to make him a present of his director's staff, which Mendelsohn willingly gave him, only on this condition, that Berlioz should give his in return. Although, with the repeated rehearsals of the *Walpurgis Night*, Mendelsohn was completely exhausted, yet he helped Berlioz to organize his own concert, and treated him, to use his own words, like a brother.

But one of the fairest honors which one great artist ever paid another was the brilliant *soirée* which Mendelsohn gave in honor of Spohr's visit to Leipzig, the 15th of June, 1846. Only selections from Spohr's music were given,—the overture to *Faust*, an aria from *Jessonda*, the violin-concerto in E minor (played by Joachim), two songs with a clarinet accompaniment, and the "Consecration of the Tones." It must have been a rare pleasure to Spohr to have heard his works brought out in the perfection of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and under Mendelsohn's direction; and, to the public, it was a great delight to see these two eminent composers side by side. At the close, Spohr went into the orchestra; and, to manifest his pleasure at the manner in which his pieces had been brought out, he directed the last two movements of his symphony with all the old fire of youth.

M. HERMAN STERNBERG.—A letter from Dordrecht, addressed to *Le Dagblad de la Haye*, says—"We assisted yesterday at the concert of Mdile. Lina Sternberg, soprano, and M. Herman Sternberg, her brother, from Brussels. Mdile. Sternberg, and her sister Mdile. Anna Sternberg, are vocalists of indisputable talent. M. Herman Sternberg, pupil of the great violinist M. Vieuxtemps, plays the compositions of his master in a style that honors alike professor and scholar, and opens to this young aspirant (scarcely fifteen years of age) a brilliant career. M. Sternberg will this spring accompany M. Vieuxtemps to London and later in the summer go with him to Frankfort."

* One evening we were exploring together the Baths of Caracalla, debating the question of the merit or demerit of human actions, and their remuneration during this life. As I replied with some enormity, I know not what, to his entirely religious and orthodox opinions, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many scratches and contusions, in the ruins of a very hard staircase. "Admire the divine justice," said I, helping him to rise: "it is I who blaspheme, and it is you who fall!" This impurity, accompanied with peals of laughter, appeared to him too much, it seemed; and from that time, religious discussions were always avoided."—*Berlioz's Musical Tour in Germany*.

LEISURE HOURS OF THE ART WORLD.

Mr. Arthur J. Lewis threw the doors of his hospitable mansion (Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington) open a few evenings since for the second performance this season of the Moray Minstrels (a band of twenty-five artist-amateurs), who, under the direction of Mr. John Foster, have attained an excellence in part-singing that can scarcely be surpassed by any professional choir. The admirable way in which they sang several part-songs, a chorus from *Anigone* and a selection from Gounod's mass in G, was a strong evidence of their musical intelligence, their endeavor to approach perfection and the admirable drilling of their conductor. Three or four hours passed among painters who love music, musicians who love painting, and amateurs who appreciate both art and artists, could scarcely have been more agreeably spent.

Mr. Lewis has a charming residence filled with beautiful works of art, including pictures by some of the most eminent painters of the day, and of the modern school. His walls are adorned with specimens of the genius of Millais, Egg, Leech, &c. &c., and his liberal hospitality in making his home one of the most agreeable resorts of those who profess, and those who, as admirers, by the refinement of their taste, adorn and elevate the fine arts, is worthy of record.

The suite of rooms, consisting of six, in which the entertainment is given, includes a very large and lofty billiard room, where the music is performed. The invitation card is a characteristic curiosity in its way; it is a clever design, with the Moray minstrels in the back ground, admirably sketched from life, and good rough likenesses of them. On each side of the choir is a female figure supporting a drawn curtain; one pointing to the minstrels, and the other holding a barrel of oysters, with an air of invitation to their consumption. Under the one figure is "Music 8.30," under the other "Oysters 11." In the middle of the card is an intimation that Mr. Arthur J. Lewis will be at home on the last Saturdays in January, February, March, and April.

In addition to the vocal music already mentioned, the Bach Meditation of Gounod for Piano, Clarinet and Hautboy, was admirably played by Messrs. Calcott, Lazarus and Nicholson. After supper Messrs. Harold Power and Du Maurier gave M. Offenbach's charming Bouffé scene "Les deux Aveugles," in the original language, which was so well done, both vocally and histrionically, that it called forth roars of laughter and applause.

Everybody on these occasions smokes that likes, or can; those that cannot, perhaps, with a mild sense of semi-suffocation when the odour of tobacco becomes too much for them, and they are awaiting the periodical window opening for a fresh supply of pure air. Dress is not *all rigueur*, consequently velvet coats, tweed suits, and other varieties of morning costume, are prevalent, with a sprinkle of dress coats and white cravats, here and there. It is scarcely needful to add, that as smoking is one of the features of the entertainment, no ladies are present.

Among the guests were Messrs. Phillip, Millais, Stanfield, Frith, O'Neil, Elmore, Ansdell, Fenn, Creswick, Holland, C. Kene, Tenniel, Talfourd, Princeps, Coleridge, Hughes (Tom Brown), Edmund Yates, Professor Ansted, Henry Leslie, Sothern, Brinley Richards, H. Goodban, Sullivan, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Bury, Lord Houghton, Sir Joseph Paxton, and 150 others representing painting, sculpture, literature, music, and rank not artistic.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Boucicault's new drama, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, was produced on Wednesday night with extraordinary success, attributable to the intrinsic interest of the story, the excellence of the acting, and the singular beauty of the scenery. We reserve a more detailed notice for some future occasion.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. E. de Paris' third quarter concert, on Tuesday evening, attracted a large audience to the Royal Pavilion, thus confirming the doctrine that perseverance in a good cause is sure to meet with its reward. The opening piece was Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, Op. 19, for pianoforte with stringed instruments (originally written as a quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments), the executants being MM. de Paris, Pollitzer, Goodban and Nibbs. This was followed by Mr. Benedict's song, "The Colleen Bawn," by Mr. Montgomery, and a string quartet by Haydn (MM. Pollitzer, Stern, Goodban and Nibbs). Miss Stabbach then gave "The Mermaid's Song" (*Oberon*), and "Where the bees suck;" after which Mr. De Paris and Herr Pollitzer played the *andante con variazioni* from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 47 (the "Kreutzer"). The duet, "Cruel perche," which followed, was so well sung by Miss Stabbach and Mr. Montgomery that the audience insisted on its repetition. The concert concluded with Mendelsohn's *Trio* in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, played in a most spirited manner by MM. De Paris, Pollitzer and Nibbs. The audience dispersed, delighted with all they had heard,

BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS
OF HIS WORKS.*Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL.*

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 158.)

Fortunately, the critical editor of Beethoven finds himself placed in a comparatively favorable position for the execution of his task. The master belongs to a time, with the events and circumstances, the thoughts and sentiments, the artistic conception and execution of which, in all essential points, we have not to render ourselves acquainted by laborious investigation; to a time of which the aspect and comprehension are at once clear, and only now and then, in isolated cases, require the aid of more particular knowledge. The composer himself, moreover, is no strange personage, whom we are compelled to bring near us by means of any artificial apparatus. He is present to us; we live with him, nay, he even rules us, and, if anything is still wanting to our comprehension of him, it is not because he belongs to a Past which must be revived, but that he has outstripped even the generation coming after him, a generation which still looks up with reverence to him as he stands above it. So many and such important works, of various descriptions and stages of development, do we possess of his, that, by searching study, we are able to form so decided and sharply defined an idea of his artistic individuality, as regards his natural tastes and his education, as well as of the mental conception and technical facture of his compositions, that we thereby obtain sure guides for the formation of a critical decision. Finally, the editions of his works which have been handed down to us, though unequal, as well as, here and there, uncertain and defective, afford, on the whole, so sufficient a foundation for the critical restoration of what he wrote, that a satisfactory result may be achieved by their means. Nevertheless, in the exercise of criticism, even under these favorable circumstances, all the difficulties, questions, and doubts, which can present themselves to no one but a philological critic, have to be taken into consideration, and, in this instance, as in all others, can be solved by a genuinely philosophical method alone.

As is well known, Beethoven wrote a very illegible hand. Not to speak of sketches and plans, which are naturally privileged to be scarcely decipherable, even in the ill-shaped and crabb'd characters of the clean copies which he made of his compositions, we fancy we perceive impatience and annoyance at ideas and thoughts having to be fixed by the aid of written signs. In addition to this is the fact that Beethoven, even when he had completely noted down a composition—which, as a rule, he did very rapidly, after working for a long time at the separate parts—was accustomed to make alterations, which were not written in a very neat hand. The result is that his manuscripts generally produce a discouraging impression at first sight, and do not appear very promising to any one seeking information from them. But when a person has made himself acquainted with the peculiar strokes and the general style of the hand, and become accustomed to the latter, he feels convinced that, despite the apparent carelessness, the writer took pains to render plainly whatever was important for the comprehension of the whole, and that he wrote with attention and care. If the reader, who, of course, must appreciate the value of the interest at stake, does not shrink from the labour of deciphering, he will, as a rule, be sure to find out what Beethoven intended. It is, therefore, of great importance, to consult, in the last instance, the *original manuscripts*. Scarcely one of them can be thus consulted without its enabling us to correct faults, some of which afterwards escaped the notice even of the composer himself, when correcting the proofs for the press.

At first, when Beethoven was somewhat more careful in his writing, he may have made clean copies himself for the press, and this may partly explain why we possess, comparatively speaking, fewer original manuscripts of his earlier works, though there is hardly any doubt that in his younger days he took, as a rule, less care of such manuscripts than he afterwards did. Subsequently, however, he let the engraver have only *copies*, revised by himself. His copyists had no easy task with him. Even for an experienced copyist, his hand-writing was continually offering fresh

difficulties, and, in doubtful cases, to hit upon the right reading was, with Beethoven's peculiarities, even for a person who had enjoyed a musical education, a hazardous task. The work of revision, which he performed with the copyist, usually gave rise, therefore, to exceedingly animated scenes, and the copyist was obliged to hear, in joking and in serious language, very severe reproaches levelled at himself. Despite, however, of the most violent impatience, Beethoven was excessively particular about these corrections, and all the copies looked through by himself afford evidence of the conscientious care he took to render them correct and clear. It is, consequently, natural that, in these copies, a few errors and inaccuracies which escaped notice in the original should be corrected, although in the copies themselves some fresh mistakes have, now and then, crept in, and must be corrected by the aid of the originals, so that copies and originals mutually control each other, the decision in doubtful cases being left to the deliberate judgment of the critic.

Great importance may be possessed by *parts* employed at performances conducted by Beethoven. Everyone with any experience knows, it is true, that faults remarked at rehearsal are by no means always accurately corrected in the parts, but whenever there is a correction we may assume it was especially intended and ordered. In a controversy that has been much discussed, the parts corroborated certain facts, though their corroboration was scarcely needed. As we are all aware, in the year 1846, at Mendelssohn's instigation, a letter of Beethoven's of the 21st August, 1810, was made public. In that letter, Beethoven informs the publishers that in the parts just engraved of the C minor Symphony, there are two bars too many in the "Scherzo," and that they must be cancelled. The correction was not made. The two bars were transferred into the printed score, the parts, and all the arrangements, but, when the rectification appeared, Beethoven's own categorical statement, strange to say, was in opposition both to internal and external evidence. A glance at the original score—in the possession of Mendelssohn—proved plainly how the mistake had arisen. The person who wrote the copy intended for the printer, mistook an alteration of Beethoven's, while Beethoven overlooked the mistake when correcting the proofs. Besides this, the orchestral parts employed when the Symphony was first produced, as well as when it was, on several occasions, repeated, under Beethoven's direction, do not contain the two bars in question. There can, therefore, be no doubt that he did not want them. Of course they are not admitted into the new edition.

The music to *Egmont* is now published freed from the additions which disfigured it. In writing his interludes Beethoven's great object was so to connect the conclusion of one act with the commencement of the next, so as to lead us at once from the one to the other. Three of these interludes have not, therefore, a definite musical conclusion, but end, after the curtain has gone up, with a characteristic half-finish. The performance of the music, as Beethoven wanted it, presupposes, it is true, a very nicely calculated and careful mode of putting the piece upon the stage. In order to keep up the good old humdrum way of doing business, and, also, to render the interludes useful on other occasions, it was thought desirable that they should have additions definitely terminating them, and Beethoven—a rare thing for him—complied with "practical requirements," and agreed that the musical corrector in Leipsic should make such additions. These, according to the practice of the day, were printed with the rest, without the slightest explanation, and consequently passed for authentic, though they partially annihilated the original intentions of the composer. As a matter of course, they are entirely omitted in the new edition.

In this instance, all that was requisite was to refer to Beethoven's autograph manuscript, just as it was for a correction in the last Quartet (Op. 135), the circumstances connected with which are most extraordinary. In the last movement of this Quartet, two bars were omitted in the part of the first violin. As a matter of course, it could not fail to be observed, when the score was printed, that all the parts did not agree as a whole. The corrector, however, did not look for the fault where it really existed, but left the first violin part incorrect, and altered so much in other parts as to render the passage endurable, it is true, though more thoroughly vitiated than if the original error had remained untouched. A comparison with the autograph manuscript immediately showed

Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

what was the correct reading, and thus a passage which appeared exceedingly strange and suspicious, but which it would have been impossible to correct, because the real fault was hidden under a false emendation, has now, in its genuine form, become perfectly clear and intelligible.

That such a corrupted reading could be allowed to pass and should remain uncorrected is to be explained only by the fact that the Quartet was not published until after Beethoven's death. Beethoven, in fact, expended upon the correctness of the *printed sheets* as much care as he bestowed upon that of the written copies. As far as was possible, he himself superintended the correcting of his works for the press, and was extremely particular in this respect. In the correspondence with his publishers, the correction of the typographical errors, which were capable of exciting the most violent indignation in his mind, played a prominent part; he, moreover, informed them of faults discovered by him after the compositions were published, and urged them still to correct the same. He seldom succeeded, it is true, in having his wishes carried out, as is shown by the example of the C minor Symphony, and that of the Grand Mass, wherein, among other faults of which he complained in his correspondence, there is not the slightest mention of the *tempo* of the "Benedictus." Although, therefore, the editions published under Beethoven's own eye are not quite free from errors, they furnish an important addition to our authorities, nay, more, they may decide a point even in opposition to the autograph copy and the revised copy. This is proved by the one fact that the revision of the proofs was also a revision of the composition, because, under certain circumstances, it was in them alone that the composition could be finally corrected. A remarkable, and, in every respect, interesting instance of this, is furnished by the Violin Concerto (Op. 61). Beethoven had written the latter for the clever violinist, Clement, as is proved by the jocular title of the autograph copy:

"Concerto per clemenza pour Clement primo Violino e Direttore al teatro Vienna dal L. v. Bthven, 1806."

Clement played the Concerto for the first time at his benefit-concert, on the 23rd December, 1806. Now the autograph copy of the score contains a treblefold version of the solo part. In its regular place in the score that part is written as Beethoven originally conceived it. He possessed a sufficient technical knowledge of stringed instruments to be enabled to judge what would be practicable and effective in certain cases; but a thorough virtuoso brings to bear upon the relation between difficulties and effect, and upon the employment of special means for a special end, a standard of judgment obtained by varied practical experience, and, where his own playing is involved, doubts and wishes springing from his individual position as an artist. It is evident that, previously to the performance, Beethoven carefully went through and discussed with Clement the Concerto in its finished state; that Clement gave him his opinion as to what struck him as unsuitable generally, or, at any rate, as far as his own playing went, and proposed certain alterations; and that it is to this we owe a new version of the solo part written in a separate line *under* the score, and invariably showing that the composer had in his mind the practical violinist, desirous of achieving the greatest effects with the utmost possible certainty, that is to say: by the easiest technical means best adapted to the nature of the instrument and his own mode of play. That Beethoven yielded so much to Clement is a fresh proof that he entertained a high opinion of him, and, as it was thus altered, the Concerto was probably performed. But, when it was on the eve of publication, Beethoven felt some scruples about approving all Clement's readings, and, therefore, wrote down in a new line *over* the score a third version, which partly re-adopts the original ideas, and partly makes use of the second arrangement, but also introduces completely new alterations. Doubts might certainly be now entertained as to which version was the proper one, were it not that we possess the edition published under Beethoven's own supervision, and corrected by himself, and as this follows the version last mentioned, there can be no longer any doubts that this is the final form fixed upon as such by Beethoven, and that the others can lay claim to no more than an historical interest.

(To be Continued.)

New Philharmonic Society.—Beethoven's Choral Symphony is to be performed at the first concert, on Wednesday evening, April 5th, under the direction of Professor Wylde.

THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

(From the *Daily Telegraph*).

Mr. Disraeli, in that exalted style which he so frequently affects, exclaims in one of his novels. "Were it not for Mu-ic, we might almost say that in our day the Beautiful is dead." Some truth underlies the exaggeration. Men have utterly abandoned beauty both in their costume and in the exterior of their homes; and the feminine costumes and drawingroom appurtenances that still retain pretensions to rich effect are too much handed over to milliner's decrees and upholsterer's suggestions. But music has still, even in starched, decorous England, its full sway over the human soul; the Sonata of Beethoven does not come out in evening dress, and one of Mozart's Symphonies can thrill us though its notes reach our ear floating above a sea of crinoline. Even at the Opera, where the whole atmosphere is artificial, where the situation is destructive of mere realism—for what can at the first blush seem further apart from literal truth than the murderer and his victim singing the same duet?—the pathos and passion are still those of the human heart. The very sway of music, and of the natural emotion expressed by it is shown in its capacity for making us forget the artificiality inseparable from the operatic drama. Grie and Mario, in that magnificent scene in the *Huguenots* where love and death meet face to face, remained true to the strictest laws of art in every note they uttered; but the power that sent their voices thrilling alike to boxes, stalls, and pit, was truth to nature; was the appeal to the human hearts that beat throughout the house, each capable in some way or another of some such emotion—each sharing some such power of giving or receiving impetuous, daring love. For the connoisseur and the critic for the man who can with analytic skill dissect the sources of its expression, Music is of course a récudit art, and the true writer fulfils his functions faithfully when he brings to the test of science every opera that is composed and every song that is sung. The architect can in the same way describe for us the materials, the proportions, and the principles that give grand effect to a Grecian temple or a Gothic church. The physiologist could also learn-dly discourse on "the colouring matter" of the lips that make Lelia's lover rave, or of the golden glow that simulates the sunshine in "Neera's hair." But like the thousands who delight in architectural beauty, "pleased they know not why and care not wherefore," or the many who love rosy lips without considering too curiously the sources of the hue, there are millions in England who cannot follow critics into their reasons for the faith that is in them, but yet who are thrilled at the glorious harmonies of Mozart, can listen in delight to the melody of Bellini, and rejoice in those rare quaine madrigals and gales which English composers have given us. To such a national feeling for music the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone appealed on Wednesday night, when they pleaded at once the cause of English music and the claims on national generosity of the Society of Musicians.

The Royal Duke who presided has a hereditary right to take the lead in such a cause. The House of Hanover has not been distinguished until the accession of the Queen for any love of the other arts; but the reigning family have been always musical: George III. loved Handel, and all his children were friends to music and to its professors. And in this Royal liking our Sovereigns have been true leaders of the nation; for England is musical at heart. We cannot claim for it a rank as high as that which belongs to Germany through its great composers, nor is a popular knowledge of the art so widely spread as it is in the Fatherland. Italy, too, is beyond us—glorying in her old masters of the studio, and in her Bellini and Rossini of our own day; prouder still in the fact that even her very artisans can appreciate opera and detect the more delicate beauties of the dramatic lyre. But though not claiming the highest rank for our country or our people, it is still absurd to call us unmusical as a nation. The choral singing of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midland Counties has extorted praise from the severest critics, and the crowds that now attend concerts of the best music in London and all our great towns show the wonderful advances that have been made. Forty years ago the very people who now appreciate music of the best kind, were listening—the men to miserable "fast" songs, the woman to silly drawing-room ditties, the passing fashion of the time. Nowadays the lover of music can pay a shilling and hear the very best compositions that the gifted minds of the world have produced rendered with spirit and fidelity by our best instrumentalists, or listen to the noblest songs that the masters of the lyric art have given us interpreted by the voices of our ablest singers. For hundreds who cared for such music and singing fifty years ago there are thousands now; for one piece of music then printed there are hundreds distributed throughout the country at the present day; and the musical instruments that were once signs of luxury in rich homes have become familiar possessions of even very humble members of the middle class. We are happy to have Mr. Gladstone's testimony to this truth, that England does appreciate music; and, if properly directed, she would we believe, value it more and more. We there-

fore certainly owes something to the professors of the art; and a society like that which dined at Freemason's Hall on Wednesday, and which assists old and poor musicians, deserves more than professional support. For there is a very touching contrast between music so essentially associated with all that is bright and festive, and the grim poverty that waits like a wolf at the door on the disabled man who a few years before delighted assembled thousands by the exercise of his power. To no art have poets attributed more magic influence; but its old Orphean genius for moving trees is not so valued now as a capacity for coaxing leaves out of cheque-books; and, though "iron tears down Pluto's cheek" were not to be despised as signs of the recovery of a musician's wife, yet in these latter days contributions in gold are found more useful towards supporting a musician's widow.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a most eloquent speech at the meeting. But were he not a practised statesman, accustomed to the atmosphere of the House of Commons, we should express surprise that he could speak without an official blush—if there be such a thing—stealing over his intellectual countenance. We are a great people, and we do not deny our obligations to Literature and Art. We give pensions to literary men; we vote large sums of money for the British Museum and the National Gallery, and other institutions of the kind: we have subsidised Schools of Design; but what do we give to Music? Exactly £500 a year! Now, why should one branch of the world of art be treated with such contempt? Why should Music be the CINDERELLA at our national hearth? True, like the CENERENTOLA of old, there comes to her the fairy invitation, and Music goes forth from her humble home in fancy garb to delight the highest of the land; but the hour strikes when the voice that has charmed can please no more, and the magic fingers are stiff with age; and the nation leaves to starve those whose songs have for years soothed and tutored the people's heart. We vote nearly a million for what we call the "education" of the people—is not music a proper part of the popular education? Would it not make the masses better, nobler, purer in aspiration, loftier in feeling, if their knowledge and love and practice were more widely spread? There is hardly any part of the daily life of the community into which it could not come with happy effect. Every village congregation taught to sing the praise of God, and to lift up in true harmony their voices and their hearts, have made as large a step towards elevation and refinement as by any amount of attendance at Institutes or Clubs. Every advance of musical knowledge would bring rich men and those of humbler means more closely together; for common love of art breaks down the barriers of class and caste. Above all, we should trust to its ready influence on the masses of the people. Proper appreciation of good painting and high literature requires previous training; and, at first sight, the ordinary working man does not care either for a great book or a fine picture. But though music has its scientific delight for the artist who can analyse it, and its delicate beauties for the keen connoisseur, it has also, unlike painting and poetry, sensuous characteristics that appeal on the instant even to the rudest man. It has a beauty that "falls on the ear like snow in the sea, and melts in the heart as instantly." It is thus most fitted to be an elementary, and yet a most important part of our popular education; and it is a national disgrace that, while we subsidise other branches of art, and pay largely for forcing reading, writing, and arithmetic into village boys, we give nothing beyond a paltry £50 a year to encourage a branch of art that might become for our whole people a widespread means of education and delight.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA AT VIENNA, February 11.—Mdlle. von Murksa has now added to the characters already performed by her, at our Imperial Opera House, that of the Queen of Night in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and reaped a large harvest of appreciative approbation. Her performance was earnest and noble, in harmony with the ideal spirit of the music, and in every detail her object was to raise herself to the level of her task. In no instance did we hear an uncertain and puffed-out, or tremulous tone; nor, generally, a single specimen of those vulgar, clumsy tricks, which are so frequently practised by fair singers at all used to the life of the coulisses, and which have gradually become naturalised as substitutes for, or exaggerations of, the expression of genuine feeling. Mdlle. von Murksa has under her command an organ of extensive compass, rich and full, and capable of the most varied tonal feats. Even where Mozart had let loose all the powers of his orchestra, the voice of Mdlle. von Murksa rose a head higher than the raging flood of sound. Our Opera appears at length to have found in this young lady an artist who is fully capable of satisfying the most exaggerated demands in this particular, and who, certain beforehand of victory, can hold her ground against the brass-cuirassed orchestra of the most modern scores. As Queen of Night she met with a most brilliant reception from the public: nearly every separate phrase, and especially the two airs, was followed by a thundering *tutti* of applause.—*Vienna Zeitung.*

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT DUNDEE*

We happened to be present at the pianoforte recital given by this accomplished lady in Dundee last Friday evening. It would be difficult to convey, even to musical readers, an adequate idea of the matchless power which Madame Arabella Goddard possesses over her instrument. Without the aid of musical notes to illustrate our meaning, it would be utterly impossible to describe to those who have never listened to her performances the peculiar beauties of her style of playing. These are as original as they are refined. She is no servile imitator of any "master." The programme of Friday consisted but of six pieces, but each of these was in itself a study. We can compare a "Recital" by such an artist as Madame Goddard to nothing more appropriately than an exhibition either of painting or statuary by the best masters. Each piece or rather each movement of each piece, was like each separate painting in a gallery, a subject for study and contemplation. The effects she produces are such as are almost inconceivable by mere ordinary players. Delicacy of touch, producing every shade of tone from the lightest *pianissimo* to the most brilliant *forte*, faultless execution, the utmost refinement of expression and feeling, with a thoroughly intellectual appreciation and interpretation of the profound compositions she has done so much to render like household words to the people of this country, are her chief characteristics.

Madame Goddard commenced with Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* sonata, one of those forgotten compositions which, among many others, she has revived of late years and invested with a new interest. Next followed one of Sebastian Bach's admirable preludes and fugues (No. 3 of Book I). This was a delicious performance, well pleasing to the instructed ear. The "subject" of the fugue at each recurrence was never lost sight of, so that even a composition of this sort—usually esteemed by young ladies as a mere dry and unmeaning exercise—was, under Madame Goddard's manipulation, not only a highly interesting but a perfectly intelligible and agreeable performance. It served, moreover, to show the wonderful versatility of Madame Goddard as a performer—the proper conception and rendering of a classical fugue being, in our opinion, the best test of a true artist. Without rising, Madame Goddard proceeded to play Handel's *Suite de Pièces*, No. 5, a delightful composition, which she gave with a taste that seems infallible. The second part commenced with Beethoven's grand sonata in G, No. 1, Op. 31. This was the masterpiece of the evening. The sonata opens with a brilliant *allegro*, every varying phase of which, whether tender, lively, or humorous, she depicted with unfaltering accuracy. A long *adagio*, a difficult and intricate movement, requiring the highest development both of mechanical and intellectual skill, follows, and we need not say that its execution was in all respects perfect, and elicited the hearty and unfeigned applause of the audience. The sonata concludes with a very beautiful and expressive *rondo*, which was equally well sustained from beginning to end. The next piece was Benedict's delightful *fantasia* on "Where the Bee Sucks," which so charmed the audience that Madame Goddard was vociferously recalled, when she played, with a good nature that contrasted more than favourably with some artists who, like Shylock, appear almost resolved to insist on the strict letter of their bond—in other words, on no account to depart from the programme—Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." It would be invidious to draw any comparison between that great master and Madame Goddard—both are great in their several walks. The recital terminated with Mozart's sonata (in A, No. 2)—an *andante* with variations, followed by a minut and a "Turkish Quick Step." Every player of any capacity knows this sonata, and those who do not should make themselves acquainted with it without loss of time.

We would only add that the public of Dundee and its neighbourhood ought to feel highly indebted to Mr. Simpson for giving them an opportunity of listening for an hour and-a-half to one of the most accomplished performers that the world ever saw, or, for that matter, probably ever will see.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The third conversazione of this society was held at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, on Thursday evening last, when an unusually large number of members and their friends were present. An excellent concert, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, was provided; the first part of the programme evinced desire to improve this portion of the society's proceedings, including as it did a selection from *Aesop and Galatea*, by Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. G. H. Carter, and Mr. F. Reilly, besides other pieces of sterling merit by Miss Palmer, Miss Lindo, Madame Gordon, Madame Andrea, Mr. Walworth, Mr. H. C. Sanders, and others. The last named gentleman possesses a very fine baritone voice, and sang with great success the "Nazar-th song," by G. unod. A pianoforte solo by Miss Jessie Wugh was demanded. The evening appeared to give the greatest satisfaction.

* From the *Montrose Standard and Argus and Mearns Register*, March 17.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
(*St. James's Hall.*)

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTIETH CONCERT,
(FOURTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),

Monday Evening, March 27, 1865.

MENDELSSOHN NIGHT.

PART I.

GRAND OTTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos (by general desire)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, WIENER, WATSON, H. WEBB, HANN, PAQUE, and PIATTI . . . Mendelssohn.

PART-SONG, "All those whom Providence"—THE ORPHEUS GLEE UNION . . . Mendelssohn.

CAPRICE, in F sharp minor, for Pianoforte alone—Mme. ARABELLA GODDARD . . . Mendelssohn.

PART II.

TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI . . . Mendelssohn.

PART-SONG, "Slumber, dearest!" THE ORPHEUS GLEE UNION . . . Mendelssohn.

GRAND QUINTE, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—(The first piece performed at the first Monday Popular Concert, Feb. 14, 1860)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, HANN, and PIATTI . . . Mendelssohn.

CONDUCTOR — — — **MR. BENEDICT.**

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 2s; Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 2s (transcribable), may be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, entitling holders to a special sofa stall, selected by themselves, for 20 concerts; or, two sofa stalls for 10 concerts.

THIRD MORNING PERFORMANCE

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

(ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINTH CONCERT).

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello —MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI . . . Mendelssohn.

SONG, "Sleep, thou infant angel!"—MISS BANKS . . . Glucka.

SONATA, in D major (No. 21 of Halle's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—MR. CHARLES HALLE . . . Mozart.

PART II.

SONGS, "Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark, hark, the lark"—MISS BANKS . . . Schubert.

SONATA, in C minor, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. CHARLES HALLE and JOACHIM . . . Beethoven.

CONDUCTOR — — — **MR. BENEDICT.**

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE fils du Roy
FLORENDO de MACDONALD et de LA BELLE GIANE, fille de Remiculus, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Six GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Inquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become Subscribers to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at #7, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Sargood, Esq., John Boneby, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq. Price to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL LECTURES to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—There is in reality no such thing as translation with respect to literature properly so called. You may convey the meaning of a legal or official document with exactitude, out of one language into another, or the precise terms of a scientific or philosophic treatise may be set forth in expressions conveying identically the same sense. But in a literary production there are shades of delicate intention produced by the choice of one word rather than another; there is a more abundant reliance on the idiom and inner spirit of the language in which the author addresses his readers; and so much of that precise effect which depends on the atmosphere of association, so to speak, belonging to words and idioms must be lost in any process of translation. The question is, what is a translator to do with difficulties and niceties of this kind? Is he invariably to endeavour to find the nearest equivalent in his own language, and to make the work, of a Frenchman say, read exactly like the work of an Englishman? or is he to preserve a middle course between literalness that must produce too foreign and uncouth an effect on the mind, marring the artistic purpose of the original author, and a total transmutation of foreign metal into English, which makes the translator joint author, rather than faithful interpreter? The Horatian middle course will undoubtedly appear the safest and wisest in this, as in all else. Where the exact sense can be rendered by an equivalent expression, though departing from verbal conformity with the original, by all means let it be used; in the rest let the foreign author's meaning be literally rendered, in as smooth and current English as may be obtained. The translator of the *Médecin* has pursued this course, giving an exact English equivalent idiom where it was to be done, respecting verbal fidelity to the text where not, and preserving intact throughout his allegiance to the English *norma loquendi*. Blank verse, the adoption of which has provoked question from his critics, leads him in but very few instances to add a word; and when so, there results no noticeable redundancy, the addition being for the most part some natural expletive of common conversational currency. Had not the lines been marked in the printing—the verse form might have escaped notice. No one who has not tried can realize the difficulty of finding words for such music as M. Gounod's, the rhythm of which takes on occasionally such capricious modifications. French has no accent, and a French word supports the musical stress anywhere; a word on the other hand in English, which suits one place in the music, will in its subsequent change, or development, have to sustain a stress on a syllable, which offends the ear. It must either be changed, or the whole phrase remodelled. The wonder is if the canons of good English are not violated, much more if there is the least tincture of poetry preserved. Mr. Kenney is always idiomatic and straightforward, rendering the sense attached to the music in the original precisely—having the right word to express the right feeling which resides in the accompanying tones; and the general effect is neat, flowing, and readable—sometimes even rising to poetical color and cadence. His fidelity to the text is so conscientious, withal, that even the rhymes are precisely in the same place and as frequently repeated as in the French. That all this care has not been thrown away, resulting only in satisfaction to the conscience of the writer, but producing no real outward advantage, the effect shows. A more thoroughly satisfactory performance could not be—the singers feeling a greater responsibility in consequence of the very care which they observe has been taken by the author; and an earnest, painstaking, spirited whole comes out.

OTTO BEARD.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—I believe it is well known that Handel regularly accompanied at the *Cembalo* the recitatives and songs of his composition. A very charming song, "Pena tiranna, io sento al core," has just come into my possession from an authentic source, as the composition of Handel. It is in score, in D minor, with an *obbligato* fagotto and oboe, and viol, viola and bass, 1mo. 2nd and 3rd. The first movement is marked *Largo e Stoccatto senza Cembalo*, and the second part of the song is marked *con Cembalo*. Should the title of the song be unknown to your numerous readers as Handel's composition, or should any one know anything as to where it may be met with—I do not find it in any of his operas, 32 of which, in score, are in my possession—I shall esteem as a favor any information given respecting this beautiful contralto song. Your kind insertion of this letter may assist my enquiry, and oblige yours,

AN HANDELIAN.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

To DION BOUCICAULT, Esq.

MY DEAR BOUCICAULT,—I must take the liberty of calling your friend Shaun-the-post to task for certain mispronunciations he indulged in on Wednesday night, which, proceeding from the mouth of a county Wicklow carman, came with any thing but true native propriety. Why, for instance, did Shaun say "slape" instead of "sleep," "kape" instead of "keep," "swate" instead of "sweet," and make other like substitutions? Your *Menus Hibernicus* never twists his tongue in this manner; neither should friend Shaun, who is as indigenous as a potatoe and should smack of the soil only. As a rule the lower Irish never make two 'e's when they meet together sound broad; but almost invariably give *ea* the broad open sound. Thus they say:—"Poor sowl, she was as *wake* (weak) as wather all the *week*," pronouncing "week" narrow as possible, almost like "wick" indeed. So, too, they say—"Spake me that *speech*," following the same rule, as well as, "meet me with the *mate*" (meat).—"stale (steal) that lump of steel." I never heard a true Paddy say "chake" for cheek, "pape" for "peep" (fancy how "pape-o'-day boy" would sound?), "staiple" for "steeple," or "paiple" for "people." And indeed in my Trin. Col. Dub. days, when George the Fourth was King, I remember an Englishman who was playing an Irish part at the Theatre Royal being roared at by the gods because he said he was "going to ride a *staiple-chase*." Moreover, I never heard Power, the Power, Tyrone Power, make a mistake of the kind, nor, for the matter of that, my respected compatriot John Brougham, to whom I refer Shaun-the-post. I am sure Shaun won't be angry with me—he is too much a broth of a boy—for tendering him a hint about the pure Leinster vernacular, and I can assure that hearty *bouchal* that I know something of the matter. I am sorry to tell him so, but really Shaun's semi-Saxon mode of pronunciating certain words on Wednesday night made my ears tingle and feel hot. I hope in future he won't lose sight of the fact that one may meet (not *mate*) the sweetest (not *swatest*) and most perfect brogue in Ireland echoing its sounds on the breezes (not *brazes*) that sport and make music adown the slopes of the Wicklow mountains.

If Shaun would like to know what is my impression of the new play, you can tell him from me that I look upon it as a homily which might emphatically be denominated "JUSTICE TO IRELAND."

My dear Boucicault, Yours very playfully, RIPPINGTON PIPE.
Friday, March 24.

THE copyright of Professor Bennett's May Queen produced at Messrs. Cock and Hutchins's recent sale the sum of 549*l.* 8s. 6d.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

My pen must play the dullard this week, I fear, as far as news is concerned, and perhaps the best thing I could do would be, having nothing to say, to be silent altogether. I have little to add to what I told you in my last about the *Africaine*. The whole of the music, except the fifth act, has been gone through carefully, even laboriously, with band and chorus, and M. St. Léon, entrusted by the executors of Meyerbeer, has composed the dances—which, of course, I need not tell you, does not mean composed the music of the dances. The first performance of the *Africaine* is confidently anticipated about the 21st of next month. A flourish of trumpets has preceded the advent of a new Fenella in *La Muette*, who is expected in a few days at the Opéra. Mdlle. Hirlanda Nothas (is she Irish?) comes from the Burg-Theater at Vienna, and rumour proclaims her a "mime" of the first quality. Some special representations of the *Muette* will be given for Mdlle. Nothas's débuts.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti appears to have created an extraordinary sensation in Lille. A private letter informs me that she gave two performances there—the *Barbiere* and *Lucia*—and that each provoked an unheard of furor. At the latter performance, indeed, nothing would satisfy the audience, after the *diva* of the entertainment had been called forward some dozen times, but to summon M. Maurice Strakosch, Mdlle. Patti's instructor and brother-in-law, who after a long delay, was literally dragged on by the manager, and received with deafening acclamations. An immense crowd followed Mdlle. Patti home after the performance, and a serenade on a grand scale was improvised, in which the band of the theatre was joined by the *Orphéons*. Well might my informant say that the proceedings were quite unparalleled in Lille.

The information contained in some of the musical papers here is startling. The *Gazette Musicale* of last Sunday has the following bit of intelligence:—"The celebrated *impresario* Ullmann has terminated his series of concerts; Mdlle. Carlotta Patti has returned to Milan to take some repose previous to placing herself at the disposition of Mr. Gye on the 1st of May for *Mellon's Concerts*."

As everything which concerns the late Duke de Morny has more or less interest attached to it, I send you a list of the various pieces, dramatic and lyric, which he wrote. They are as follows:—*M. Choufeyresta chez Lui*, operetta; *Le Mari Sans le Savoir*, operetta; *Les Bons Conseils*, comedy; *Il n'y a pas de fumée sans un peu de feu*, proverbe; *Le Manis des proverbes*, proverbe, after M. Théodore Leclercq; *Les Finesse du Mari*, comedy; *La Succession Bonnet*, vaudeville; and *Sur la Grand route*, proverbe. Two new pieces by the Duke de Morny were to have been given this season—*Le Comice Agricole*, (words and music by the Duke), and the comedy in one act which he had read lately to the artistes of the *Théâtre Français*, and the action of which is placed in the Reign of Terror.

At the last concert of the Society of the Conservatoire, given on Sunday, the following was the programme:—Overture, *Pardon de Plœrmel*—Meyerbeer; Chœur de Nymphes de *Psyché*—Ambroise Thomas; Fragments from *Septuor*—Beethoven; Chorus and air from the *Siege de Corinth*—Rossini; Symphony in D—Mozart; Finale to Oratorio, *The Creation*—Haydn.

The programme of the Fifth Popular Concert of Classical Music I subjoin as usual:—Sinfonia Eroica—Beethoven; Andante—Haydn; "Adelaida" (*transcrit pour le contrebasse*)—Bottesini; Polonaise de *Struensee* (*la Bel et L'arrestation*)—Meyerbeer; Fantaisie pour le contrebasse—Bottesini; Overture, *Euryanthe*—Weber.

Signor Bottesini played the two contrebasse solos with prodigious effect.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, March 22.

MR. AGUILÁR'S MATINEES.—The following is the programme of Mr. Aguilar's fourth performance of pianoforte music:—Sonata in C, Aguilar; Funeral March, Chopin; Polaca Brillante, Weber; Evening and Last Look, 2 romances, Aguilar; Sonata Quasi Fantasia, Beethoven; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on "Lucia," Aguilar; Sarabande and Courante, J. S. Bach; Grief and Consolation, and *Le Chant des Moissoneurs*, Alfred Holmes; Serenade, Aguilar. The rooms as usual were crowded.

[March 25, 1865.]

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The last performance of the season took place on Saturday night. The house was thronged in every part. The opera was the *Mock Doctor*, which has kept its place in the bills since the night of its first representation. Seldom has a French play looked more naturally in an English dress. Much of this is due to the very skilful manner in which the adaptor, Mr. C. L. Kenney, has done his work; much to the close fidelity with which the plan and details of a great comic masterpiece have been followed out during the process of metamorphosing it into a lyric drama; but, perhaps, most of all to the vigour, freshness, and exquisite humour of the music. It is a great thing to say, but not the less a truth—that M. Gounod has given renewed life and popularity to one of the most genial creations of Molière. That *Le Médecin malgré lui* would always have been heard of at periodical intervals, is certain; such a work could hardly under any circumstances pass into absolute oblivion; but that its characters and incidents should have once more become familiar to the play-going world of Europe is unquestionably due to the genius of the present worthiest representative of musical France.

The performance on Saturday was more than usually good. The overture, finely executed, was much applauded; the quaint address of Dominique to his consolatory bottle ("Soft and low"), sung with genuine gusto by Mr. H. Corri, was encored; and the same compliment was awarded to the finales of Act I and Act 2, and to the song of Jacqueline ("Go wander"), which Madame Fanny Hudgart gave with her accustomed spirit. After the opera, and when the principal singers had been summoned, the National Anthem was sung—the first verse in solo by Madlle. Martorelli, the second in duet by Messrs. Weiss and Perrin, the last in solo by Mdille. Parepa. There was then a loud call for the able and zealous conductor of the orchestra—Mr. Alfred Mellon—who on appearing received the tribute of applause most justly due.

That the first season of the "English Opera Company Limited," should have been one of checkered fortune, is not at all surprising. Rome was not built in a day; nor can a national musical theatre be firmly established in a year. Amid all its vicissitudes, however, there has only been one prevalent opinion as to the manner in which the new enterprise has been conducted. The best talent available was secured; the operas, whether native compositions or adaptations of foreign works, were placed upon the stage with the utmost care and completeness, and everything was tried to merit if not invariably to insure success. It must be borne in mind that what is most naturally expected from an undertaking styling itself "Royal English Opera" is the production of original operas by English composers; and when we remember that two grand operas by English composers of acknowledged fame (Mr. Macfarren's *Helvellyn* and Mr. J. L. Hatton's *Love's Ransom*), with operettas by Mr. Frederic Clay and Mr. Frank Mori—not to forget Mr. Benedict's *Bride of Song*, which had never been heard previously, except in a concert-room—were successively brought out, the management can hardly be charged with want of enterprise in the right direction. If all these were not quite pecuniary successes, it was rather the mishap than the fault of the new company; and if their occasional ill-luck was in a great measure retrieved by the extraordinary success of the Christmas pantomime, no one can grudge them this particular stroke of fortune. With, on the whole, an efficient working company, they have further introduced two new singers likely to make for themselves a name—Mr. Charles Adams, who appeared at the beginning of the season in *Masaniello*, and Mademoiselle Martorelli who, both as Amina, in the *Sonambula*, and Leonora, in the *Trovatore*, won marked distinction. Credit, then, should be awarded to them for what they have already done, which is more than enough to deserve the confidence of the musical public and to warrant a belief that they intend acting up to their early professions.

NEW YORK.—To judge by the houses hitherto, M. Maretzki's Italian operatic season bids fair to be a highly successful one, despite the war, or rather on account of the war, for, of course, "Shoddy" has lots of money and must have its stalls and its boxes. Its example is scrupulously imitated by its rival "Oil." Among the operas first given were *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Norma*, *La Traviata*, and *Ernani*. Signor Verdi's last production, *La Forza del Destino*, is promised. Signora Carozzi-Zucchi produced a most favorable impression as *Norma*.

MADILLE STERNBERG.—The *Précureur* of Antwerp, in a notice of a matinée musicale given by the Société Royale de l'Harmonie, says of this young vocalist:—"Mdille. Sternberg, already highly appreciated in Brussels, sang the grand air from the *Barbiere di Seviglia* and two lighter compositions by Gordigiani. Mdille. Sternberg possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable freshness, of lovely quality, and of extensive compass; its flexibility is also remarkable. Mdille. Sternberg is in truth a genuine vocalist, who may rely upon her talent to secure her a high position in her art."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Although the programme of the first concert (53d season) contained no new feature, it was in every respect good, as the following will show:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, Letter I.	Haydn.
Aria, Mr. Kenwick ("Faust")	Sp.-hr.	
Concerto, Violin (No. 9), Herr Ludwig Straus	Sp.-hr.	
Scena, Miss Louisa Pyne ("Love's Triumph")	Wallace.	
Overture, "Beherischer der Geister"	Weber.	

PART II.

Sinfonia in B flat (No. 4)	Beethoven.
Air, Miss Louisa Pyne ("Domino Noir")	Auber.
Overture, "L'Alcade de la Vega"	Onslow.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

Seldom has more variety been compressed within such narrow limits. The symphonies of Haydn and Beethoven have absolutely nothing in common but a certain cheerfulness of character which with Haydn's music is a rule and with Beethoven's an exception. Perhaps in no long work by the epic poet of the orchestra are there so many traits of humour—outbursts, in short, of animal spirits, surprises not less playful and charming than they are wholly unanticipated—as in the Symphony No. 4. But how different the mirth of Beethoven from that of Haydn! The "Father of the Symphony," as he is styled, and surely has, never an *arrêve-pensée*. When he laughs, he laughs right merrily. When he weeps, it is an April shower; the placid smile soon peeps out again, and the brief sorrow is dispersed, like the mist by the sun. Beethoven laughs even more unreservedly than Haydn, but there are tears in his laughter which come from an opposite source; while his sorrow lies far deeper, and at periods is as absorbing as that of the other is evanescent. Compare, for instance, the slow movements of the two symphonies under notice. Each contrasts forcibly with what has gone before and with what is to come after; but while Haydn appears simply as if in a passing reverie, the soul of Beethoven is plunged in sadness. It is pleasant to contemplate an art capable of giving eloquent utterance to such widely different sentiments; and surely no two men were ever more clearly reflected in their music than Mozart's great contemporary and the one who survived and in a certain sense surpassed both that contemporary and Mozart himself. The two overtures were equally well chosen as examples of very antagonistic modes of thought. The fiery inspiration of Weber, a work of high, if not of the highest, genius, has always found, and indeed is always likely to find, favor at these concerts. The less imaginative but more scholarly prelude to Onslow's little-known opera deserves to be heard oftener. The overture to *L'Alcade de la Vega* is composed strictly in the school of Mozart; and every bar of it might have been written had Beethoven been unborn—who, nevertheless, began by sedulously following in the same path. In the overtures, as in the symphonies, the fine orchestra, under the vigilant control of Professor Sterndale Bennett, greatly distinguished itself. Two changes were observed in the ranks—Herr Ludwig Straus is now joint leader with Mr. Blagrove, while to Mr. Pollard has been awarded the place of first clarinet. Both appointments are satisfactory.

Spohr's Ninth Concerto, which had already been introduced at the Philharmonic by M. Sainton and other violinists of renown—is—excepting the two very remarkable achievements of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, each of whom endowed the art with but a single evidence of his genius in this particular direction—equal to any work of its class by which the library of the fiddle ("king of instruments") has been enriched. More solid and masterly playing than that of Herr Ludwig Straus—who in Spoehr's music has few rivals, scarcely a superior—could not have been brought to the honourable task of interpreting so pure and classical a work. It is difficult to say in which movement Herr Straus shone most to advantage. A thorough adept in "*bravura*" the vigorous passages of the *allegro* were given with an accent and precision beyond praise; while the *rondo allegretto*, with its profusion of double-stopping—as pretty a pastoral as we know in music—was read throughout with an unobtrusive simplicity that would have satisfied the composer himself, one of the most exacting of judges. But if compelled to award a preference, it would be to the exquisitely graceful and melodious *adagio*, in which the phrasing, tone, and expression of Herr Straus were alike faultless. A more legitimate success was rarely earned. The audience, charmed in an equal measure with the composition and the performance, were liberal in their applause; and had Herr Straus repeated the *adagio* he would have done no more to respond to the wish of the large majority. We cannot take leave of the concerts without paying a well-merited tribute to the members of the band and their conductor for the extraordinary delicacy with which the orchestral accompaniments were played. However ready and skilful a "*virtuoso*," the importance of this auxiliary to the effect he aims at producing cannot be overestimated.

The *scena* from Mr. Wallace's opera of *Love's Triumph* was especially welcome on account of the slow movement, which is both genuine and beautiful. That it was admirably sung by Miss Louisa Pyne will be as easily credited as that the delivery of the sparkling "patter song," from Auber's delicious *Domino Noir*, by the same accomplished artist, exhibited the point and vivacity for which it has invariably been remarked. Mr. Renwick was a trifle overtaxed in the air from Spohr's *Faust*; but his fresh voice and earnest manner would have condoned far more serious shortcomings than were noticed in his performance.

Professor Bennett, on appearing in the orchestra, was welcomed with the hearty enthusiasm which is but a just acknowledgment of his zealous exertions and eminent ability. On the whole, the time-honoured conservative society, to whose uncompromising spirit the musical public is indebted for no inconsiderable part of its acquaintance with the orchestral *chef-d'œuvres* of the most illustrious masters, has seldom begun the season with fairer promise.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third *soirée* of the season took place on Tuesday evening in the Small-hall, St. James's, and was numerously attended by the members. The following programme proved highly interesting :—

PART I.—Quartett in F, Op. 18, Molique; *scena* with chorus—"Chi mai dell'Erebo," Gluck; andante from a concerto (clarinet, Mr. Lazarus). Mozart: song—"Cantique pour Noel," Adam; sonata—pianoforte and violin—in E minor, J. F. Barnett. Part II.—Septett in C, Hummel; song—"Voi che sapete," Mozart; andante, Spinato and Polonaise—pianoforte, Chopin; cavatina—"Ah quel giorno," Rossini; part song—"I know not what comes o'er me," Volksleid.

Herr Molique's quartett was admirable played by Messrs. Ries, Amor, Hann, and C. Ould. It is a work replete with interest, and exhibits throughout, not only the skill of the consummate musician, but the genius of a master. The next feature in the programme was the sonata for pianoforte and violin, by Mr. John Francis Barnett, played by the composer and Herr Ries. This sonata is perhaps the most effective composition of the young composer. Its performance met with very great success, and Mr. Barnett was recalled, and received a well-merited ovation. In the clarionet solo, Mr. Lazarus played as he invariably does, and this is saying a great deal since he has no equal. In Hummel's septett, the pianoforte playing of the lady amateur (Miss Bennett) would have done credit to an established artiste. Miss Bennett possesses a beautiful touch, phrases well, and plays with the *aplomb* and refinement of an accomplished pianist. Miss Bennett, we understand, is a pupil of Dr. Wynde. The vocal music was sung by Mdlle. Zeiss, from the Conservatoire at Brussels, and by an amateur member (Miss Braham), whose beautiful voice might well make an "artiste" envious. By an arrangement with Dr. Wynde, all the members of the society have admittance to his concerts; the first of which takes place on April 5th. Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be performed, and Herr Joachim is engaged.

M. JOULAIN, the new tenor engaged by Mr. Mapleson for Her Majesty's Theatre, has been reaping laurels in Dublin, where he has appeared with Mdlle. Titien in the operas of *Lucia*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Faust*. The *Irish Times*, writing of his Edgardo, says:—"Though he missed no opportunity of proving the flexibility and sweetness of his voice, his version of 'Fra poco' came upon the house with the effect of a surprise. There were many present who remembered the noble fervor of Reeves, the pensive grace of Mario, and the dulcet ease of Giuglini. M. Joulain came nearer the rendering of the great English tenor than any other artist we recollect, and he showed that thorough sympathy with the theme which is the result and evidence of a real inspiration. Such an exquisite utterance of this delightful air was not looked for, and therefore all the more welcome, and there was a refined skill in the execution of the closing passage which evoked a proper enthusiasm in the audience." And again, writing about his representation of *Faust*, the same journal remarks:—"M. Joulain made so agreeable an impression upon Tuesday night that much was hoped from his representation of *Faust*. But he greatly surpassed any that had been formed. He possesses a *tenore robusto* of considerable range and power, but it is capable of being modulated to the utmost sweetness, and is always skilfully and agreeably used. Finished and careful in vocal execution, he is also a clever and graceful actor, who knows how to make an impression of ability without resorting to exaggeration or falling into flatness."

Muttoniana.

DEAR QUEER.—*I find, in Shoe's absence, you attempt to fill his place. I am neither sorry nor glad—like a dog at his father's wake. Nevertheless, accept this edict:—I am tired of the controversy about the Crystal Palace Band. Let there be no more, after this issue. Given at my (or rather Napoléon's) Palace of the Tuilleries—March 23, 1865.*

To Dr. Cornelius Phillips Tacitus Queer. Ap' Mutton.

Dr. Queer unhats, ungloves and unshoes, in fear and shivering. Nevertheless, he does not opine that the foregoing requires elucidation.

ABOUT THE "MOCK DOCTOR."

SIR.—The season at the Royal English Opera came to an end on Saturday evening. Her Majesty's Theatre closed some time ago, then opened again, and then again closed. According to Alfred de Musset, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, and the doors of Her Majesty's will now remain *fermées* until the arrival of Mr. Mapleson and his Italians. They are not expected, we believe, until Easter. Easter, however, falls so late this year, that, if (as seems to be expected) Parliament is dissolved in July, the Easter week, instead of marking the beginning of the London season, will divide it into nearly equal portions. Mr. Gye has already recognised the propriety of moving with the times; and, instead of waiting for Easter Tuesday, his usual opening day (or night), has determined to commence operations at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the 25th of March. This is not progress—for Easter Tuesday falls on the 18th of April—but it is reason. Indeed, if the arrangements with the Royal English Opera Company would have allowed it, I believe Mr. Gye might have begun with advantage a week earlier. The people who are in the habit of attending the Italian opera (its "patrons," as they are sometimes called) are already in London in large numbers, and have been obliged, since their arrival, either to have no operatic music at all or to attend the English performances at Covent Garden. I cannot pity them; for, however unfashionable it may be to "patronise" a theatre at which English singers are engaged, and in which the operatic language employed is also English, *The Mock Doctor* will have amused them. The music, too, is the work of a foreigner, which is at least one recommendation in favour of the piece. The success of *The Mock Doctor* as a drama ought to suggest to our managers that there are a few other of Molière's plays which might be produced with advantage on the English stage. Until the production of Mr. Kenney's excellent version of *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Le Tartuffe* (why "*Le*" *Tartuffe*, by the way, for such, whatever it means, is the title of the comedy?) was the only one that had been performed in England, and in English, within the memory of the present generation. I believe that nearly every one of Molière's comedies, dramas and farces would succeed in England. They ought to be brought out as "adaptations," however, in the sense in which that word is now generally used, but as translations; and not only ought the French original to be adhered to as closely as possible, but it would even be advisable to copy the costumes of the characters from those worn at the Théâtre Français. Any attempt to modernise or Anglicise the plays would give much trouble to the persons undertaking the work, and would end inevitably in failure. Such originality as is shown in *The Hypocrite*, by dragging into the piece a character who in the work from which *The Hypocrite* is adapted has no existence, would not be appreciated in the present day. Molière must be taken as he is or left alone.

The great merit in Mr. Kenney's version of *Le Médecin malgré lui* is its fidelity to the original. I do not speak so much of verbal fidelity, for it would be impossible to translate Molière word for word and at the same time render him into idiomatic English. It is necessary to imitate rather than to copy him. An exact copy, a word-for-word translation, would be cramped and stiff; whereas the original is full of naturalness and ease. Molière's plays abound in phrases which have become proverbial in France; and Molière too literally translated would be like the literal translation of a French proverb. Of course, however, the libretto, to which M. Gounod has composed the music, is not Molière "*pure and simple*." It is Molière as arranged by MM. Barbier and Carré; but those ingenious librettists have had the decency to respect their great national dramatist. They have not treated him as they treated Goethe, in arranging *Faust*, and their *Médecin malgré lui* is only Molière's *Médecin malgré lui*, with additional songs, and with portions of his prose dialogue turned into verse. To translate verses written for music, so that in their translated form the music shall still suit them, is one of the most difficult and painful tasks that can be conceived. To write a libretto at all (*experto credite!*) is bad enough; even for that, a good deal of hard carpentering is required before the words can be got to fit the music, which, nevertheless, has been manufactured ex-

pressly for them. But to translate a libretto which has its own music fastened to it is like dancing in fetters. Mr. Kenney, in translating the versified portion of *Le Médecin malgré lui* does not seem to have felt their weight; and the songs read as flowingly as if they had been written without any reference to the quaint and clever, but not very flowing, music of M. Gounod.

By the way, did not some critic ask, the other day, why the Sganarelle of the original *Médecin malgré lui* became Dominique in *The Mock Doctor*? The reason is very simple. The English actors could not have pronounced such a word as "Sganarelle," whereas any body can say "Dominique." Sganarelle is not at all a nice word to sing, and this has been felt to be the case in France as well as in England. Thus there is one operatic version of *Le Médecin malgré lui*, in which the woodcutter is called Bérnaté.

To Dr. Taylor Shoe.

Dr. Queer is glad to be made aware that the foregoing are the positive opinions of Mr. Pitt. At the same time he will lose no time in tossing the argument.

A CORNER FOR A MANSARD.

SIR.—May I have a corner in your paper to suggest that the next time Mr. Crozier, or any other member of Herr Mann's band, appears in print, he should speak for himself and not for others. Not one of those who can play a solo would, I am quite sure, require "earnestly entreating," and far less would they dare to absolutely decline." Can you picture to yourself Herr Mann's "earnestly entreating" any member of his band to play a solo? I cannot; and am, moreover, of opinion, that, ere he would stoop to "earnestly entreat," he would go without what your correspondent, "Gladwin Bush," felicitously calls "a bit of melody torn to tatters, with four variations." I am sure nobody in or out of the Palace would take much trouble to arrive at an oboe solo, or, indeed, any other solo. Very few are worth "earnestly entreating," and Mann is not the sort of conductor likely to do it.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

A. MANSARD.

2, Forge Terrace, Penge.
Dr. Queer vouchsafes the corner but cannot join in the praises of Sir Gladwin Bush. Dr. Queer was never given to solos of any description.

WHICH FIRST?—AND WHO'S TRITTO?

SIR.—Will you kindly inform me which of the two works—"Hymns Ancient and Modern," or "Chope's Hymn and Tune Book"—was first published?—Who was Tritto?

Yours truly, PORPORA.

Seeing that Porpora was born at Naples in 1687, was ungratefully treated by Hasse at Dresden, was Handel's concurrent in London with Italian Opera (Farinelli), and died at Naples, 1767, Dr. Queer is surprised that there should be ignorance of the fact that Tritto was the master of Costa.

DR. QUEER.

"Dr. Queer went to bed last night very late and got up very later. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe being still detained from the Boot and Hook, Dr. Queer consents to shoot this present week's rubbish." (Muttoniana, March 18.)

To the present Editor of Muttoniana.

SIR.—I was sorry to learn by the prefatory lines of last week's *Muttoniana* that Dr. Queer had consented to do away with himself and quit this world by explosion—he was just beginning to cuspidate and to edite invitingly. However, it can't be helped, and I beg to send you the discourse I intend pronouncing over his soluted body.

Yours, &c.,

AP'POODLE.

On this here bier
Lies the poor Queer,
Who with mind weak
And wits only bobbish
Shot hi'self last week
Top a heap o' rubbish.

His career was that of an M. D.
With head and pockets ever empty;
Never dry, but ever thirsty;
Ever tart, but not piquant;
Seldom wrath, but often crusty;
Always crafty and full of cant.
At his death all said: "Poor M.—D—!"
Save his creditors, who cried: "D—Q—!"
This, you know, 'twixt you and me
Looks very like something askew—
His tailor said 'twas a shame he'd gone and hook'd it
With a spick and span coat on his mind,
And that he was a goose to have book'd it;
D—d Q. again, and said it was unkind.
The baker said he didn't call that dying, but loafing,
And that he didn't think it was at all well bred

In a gentleman to be, as he might say, sloping
Without settling with his baker for his bread—
And added that "he wished that he might bust
If he e'er a littry gent did trust."
A publican said he'd had his liquor and his beer,
But as he'd rather encouraged him in his vice,
Why, he wouldn't say much against poor Queer;
He was caught in his own gin, and didn't care a pice.
The laundress shrieked she "know'd" what 'twas all about!
And sobbed that, the sh— deplored the gentleman's *démise*,
She should at once forthwith proceed to spout
Deceased M. D.'s one solitary *chemise*.
Just here old Nick came to claim his dues
And kicked baker, tailor, and laundress *a posteriori*.
"Depart, vil rabble!"—quoth he—"hence to the deuce!
My claims, ex officio, ex concessu come a priori!
Suum cuique! I take his soul, you his goods may sell,
Such chattels being useless where he'll now dwell!"
Nemine contradicente, the goods were seized pell-mell,
And Nick took our poor Queer down into a flowery dell.
Requiescat in pace!

Dr. Queer was not aware of the foregoing. Nevertheless, he takes for granted that Mr. Ap'Poodle labors under a sort of hallucination. Dr. Queer is unaffected with *cacoethes* or he might be moved to retort doggerelistically.

WHY THREE O'CLOCK A.M.?

DEAR QUEER.—I see that the Crystal Palace Company propose this year to commence the Handel Festival Concerts at three o'clock instead of one—why, I cannot imagine. Surely one o'clock is not too early either for artists or swells, while three will protract the performance to so late an hour, that country visitors (the majority of the audience) will find it difficult to get to any other place of amusement the same night they go to the festival, while the concentration of the entire audience at the railway-platform, all anxious simultaneously to get to town as soon as possible, will assuredly cause much annoyance and inconvenience, if not serious danger. I have spoken to numbers of people here, who all agree with me in this matter, and I think the subject worthy of editorial consideration in the columns of *Muttoniana*. I hope you are quite well and able to face the season campaign, and that Mrs. Queer bears up; and am, yours exceedingly,

New Brighton, Oddbridge Cove, March 25.

GEORGE GRIFF.

Dr. Queer does not imagine the foregoing requires elucidation, or would write to Mr. Bowley. Nevertheless, Mrs. Queer bears up.

A NEW SABRINA.

To AP' MUTTON, Esq.

Remarkable man.—I addressed thee six weeks, nay two months, ago, anent an accomplished artist, whom thou, without an effort on the part of thy wonderfull memory, remembered, though years had elapsed since the sound of her liquid voice fell upon thine ear. Augusta Thomson, or if thou wilt, Miss Augusta Thomson, is the name of that singer, may not only singer but actress. I told thee that she was wasting her sweetnes on the desert air of the provinces, and thou in thy wisdom emphatically declared that her proper professional home is the great metropolis! Behold then, she is coming to London. Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, having read my former letter and your effulgent remarks upon it, have engaged the damsel for Sabrina in *Comus*, and at Easter she will be one of "Her Majesty's servants"—not one of Mr. Mapleson's servants, understand, great Ap' Mutton, but one of our Gracious Queen's. To you be homage paid for bringing about this great result. In my own name, and on the part of a discriminating British public, I thank you. I remain, yours as ever,

PAUL MOIST.

Dr. Queer is persuaded that his deeply reverenced chief will be glad to hear what Mr. Moist states in the foregoing. At the same time Dr. Queer is of opinion that further elucidation is hardly called for.

A TRIBUTE TO AP'POODLE.

Ap'Poodle is a valiant knight,
A valiant knight is he;
With words he knows well how to fight,
As all the world may see.

His deadly thrusts all well may fear,
And crouch beneath his lance,
His name is dreaded far and near—
Who may abide his glance?

His features I did ne'er behold,
Ne'er heard his dreaded voice;
But feel that he is passing bold,
And do thereat rejoice.

He wages war with all he meets,
As a true knight should do,
In search of fun he scours the streets,
And often finds it too.

If worsted in an argument
He smiles in bitter scorn,
For still his irony is bent,
For satire is he born.

Yet can he laugh at other's wit,
When not too like his own;
He winces not when he is hit,
Nor utters he a groan.

In warfare all is fair he knows,
None better knows than he;
Without remorse he deals his blows,
And laughs with savage glee.

That he can laugh I do admire,
In such a world as this;
While Rug with rage is all on fire,
And envious artists hiss.

Were I confronted with that knight,
To him I straight would say,
"Fight on, old boy, with all your might,
We know 'tis all in play."

But should Ap'Poodle poke his lance
In any soloist's ribs,
"Tis on the hooks he'd go to France,
Where "Lumbricus" plays diba.

LUMBRICUS.

Dr. Quer humbly opines that the foregoing will be read with a certain amount of astonishment by Mr. Ap'Poodle, but does not imagine that further elucidation is on the hooks.

C. P. C. Quer.

MARC SOKOLOWSKA, a Polish guitarist of renown, will pay London a visit this season. In Paris M. Sokolowska made a great sensation by his clever performances and by the novel construction of the instrument upon which he plays.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Great preparations are being made, under the direction of Herr Stiehl, for a grand performance of Handel's *Messiah*, by 200 singers and 150 instrumentalists. The solos have been entrusted to Madame von Kotschetoff, Madlle. Skordeli, and Herr Otto, from the Cathedral, Berlin. The performance will take place in the Grand Hall of the Nobility, and the Grand Prince Constantine has lent for the occasion the large organ belonging to him.

THE LETHARGIC ELECTOR AND THE IMPRESARIO.—Some of the German journals affirm that the Elector of Hesse has at length found his master—not Count de Bismarck but M. Uhlmann, the agent of Carlotta Patti. The impresario having hired the Court Theatre at Cassel, the Elector's chamberlain mentioned that of course his highness would have free admission to his box. "Not at all," said M. Uhlmann, "if he wishes to hear Madlle. Patti, he must pay." "In that case," replied the chamberlain, "you must pay for the gas of the theatre." "That is your business," was the answer, "and if you do not light up we shall perform in the dark." The functionary, finding that nothing could be got out of the director, went to inform his sovereign of the incredible audacity of the lessee. The Elector, usually so prompt to fly in a passion, only laughed and replied, "He is an ill-mannered fellow, but he pleases me; we will pay." His highness sent 15 Napoleons for his box, and had the theatre brilliantly lighted.

VIENNA.—The company engaged by Signor Salvi for the Imperial Opera—or, more properly, The Theatre de la Porte Carinzca—this season includes the following artists:—Mesdames Galetti-Gianoli, Loti della Santa, Elisa Volpini, Desirée-Artôt, Baratti and Fahrini, Signors Mongini, Ludovico Graziani, Guidotti and Tomaso de Azula (tenors), Everardi, Pandolfini, Boicolini, Angelini and Milesi (baritones and basses), and Fioravanti (buffo). Two new operas are to be produced—*La Forza del Destino* and *Tutti in Maschera*. The other operas to be given during the season are *Il Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere di Seville*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Mose in Egitto*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Favorita*, *Polinto*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Traviata*, *I Lombardi*, *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*.

SIGNOR SIVORI.—An accident, which might have been attended with very serious consequences, happened, a short time since, to the above artist. As he was travelling with his secretary, Belloni, and his accompanist, Oswald, in a private carriage, to Milan, the carriage, owing probably to the carelessness of the driver or the darkness of the night, was upset, and fell into a pond. All idea of raising it was out of the question. The travellers had to break the carriage windows and creep through the opening as best they could. Signor Sivori escaped without any bodily injury, but his violin was greatly damaged by lying so long in the muddy water, and is, probably, irretrievably spoilt. Signor Sivori's companions were not quite as lucky as he was, having been considerably bruised and shaken. They have not, however, sustained any permanent injury.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed have brought out an entirely new entertainment, in which, as usual, they and Mr. John Parry sustain the characters. It is entitled *A Peculiar Family*, and relates to the fortunes of one Mr. Barnaby Bounce and his kinsfolk, on their arrival at a small town on the coast of France. While crossing the Channel Mr. Bounce has become possessed of a hat not his own, and this proves a source of infinite annoyance, for the hat has been used as a signal between a certain proscribed Count and his friends, and therefore subjects the wearer to the surveillance of a German detective. Mr. Bounce himself is a thorough Briton, of a somewhat antiquated school, who is in the habit of swearing by Gog and Magog and other civic monuments, and he rejoices in two nephews, one a "fast" young man, Mr. Felix Flitter, who is always getting into debt; the other, Mr. Pheeble Bounce, a zany, who is vainly endeavouring to learn French. These three personages are represented by Mr. T. G. Reed with much humour, but a better marked character than them all is Grandfather Bounce, a very old man, capably played by Mr. John Parry. This extremely ancient gentleman suffers under the double infliction of deafness and a slippery memory, his favourite subject of conversation being Napoleon Bonaparte, while he is wholly unable to distinguish between the first and third bearer of that celebrated name. Miss Cherry Bounce, Barnaby's strong-minded sister, the "Countess" who connected with the mystery of the hat, and wanders about disguised as a toy-girl, the French landlady at whose hotel the Bounces are staying, and Miss Mole, a poor relation, are the characters sustained by Mrs. Reed. In all of these she displays her well known talent, but the last-named is the most effective. Miss Mole is an incarnation of female ill-humour and discontent, detesting the benefactors on whom she depends, and at the same time boasting of her gratitude. With that strong power of delineating character, in which she is scarcely to be excelled, Mrs. Reed brings out with full force all the unnamable peculiarities of this dreadful woman, whose confession of misery reaches its climax in a capital song, called "Situated as I am." The author of the "entertainment" is Mr. W. Brough, one of the most prolific and successful of farce writers, who has gone one step further than his predecessors at the Gallery of Illustration in removing the distinction between the "entertainment" and the farce. *A Peculiar Family* is a dramatic piece to all intents and purposes, with a regular plot, which, though a lit le obscure, is a plot nevertheless. The scene representing the exterior of an *hôtel meublé*, with a view of the sea, is one of the happiest achievements of Messrs. T. and W. Grieve.

EDINBURGH.—The Saturday evening concerts continue to be well attended. Last week, the Edinburgh Volunteer Rifles, under the direction of Herr Laubach, played a selection of operatic music very creditably. Mr Frank Elmore, from London, was the vocalist. The *Daily Review*, speaking of this artist says:—"The tenor of the evening was Mr Frank Elmore, whose songs were Reichardt's "Thou art so near" Lover's "He's going away," and "Sweet Mary of the Vale." Mr Elmore has a rich, pleasing voice, and sings with great taste and feeling. He received quite an ovation, and he certainly deserved it. He is clearly one of those artists who take the utmost possible pains with everything they undertake—making the utmost of the spirit as well as the words of their songs. He was *encored* for all his songs, and we hope to have him often at our Saturday Evening Concerts."

BRIGHTON.—Mr. R. P. Darling, Jun., gave a concert on Tuesday evening at the Town Hall under the patronage of the Mayor and Alderman Burrows. Mr. Darling has organised a very tolerable orchestra out of the amateur element in Brighton, which executed several select pieces with precision and effect under his *bâton*. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Chate, Miss Foster, Messrs. Broadbridge, Jordan, Affleck and Redman. Mr. R. Bonner, Jun., was principal violin, Mr. J. E. Roe, harmonium, and Mr. W. Devin accompanist at the pianoforte. Two solos on the pianoforte were played by Mr. Winsor and Master Baker. The concert was conducted by Mr. Darling and Mr. West. The St. John's Choral Society have also given their third concert of the present season. The chief chief features were Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" and Locke's music to *Macbeth*.

STUTTGART.—At the last concert given by the Association for Classical Sacred Music, the programme comprised "Stabat Mater," Palestrina; eight-part "Weihnachtsgesang," J. Eccard; Chorale-Motet, Hammerschmitz; Motet, J. Christ. Bach; Cantata, J. S. Bach; duet from *Theodora*, Handel; and the 147th Psalm, Caldara.

HERR CARL OBERTHUR, the harpist, has returned to London from a professional tour in Germany. On the occasion of the Princess's birthday he was honored with the commands of the Grand Duke to play at a concert, given at the Court of Weimar, in celebration of the anniversary. His Royal Highness and the Grand Duchess expressed their satisfaction in the most graceful terms of Herr Oberthür's performances. The pieces he selected were "Una lagrima sulla tomba di Parish Alvars" "La Cascade," and "Méditation," all favorite compositions. "Bonnie Scotland" was also performed and greatly admired. At this concert Herr Wöhrle, a German violinist and pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, played, in finished style, Ernst's *Fantasia on Otello*, with other equally difficult pieces. In Dresden Herr Oberthür gave a *Soirée Musique* in the Grand Salle of the Hotel de Saxe, assisted by the Royal Chamber musicians, Messrs. Medefind and Böckmann, on the violin and violoncello. In Erfurt he performed at a *Soirée* given in the theatre, which was crowded in every part, and had a great success. He was supported, among other artists, by Fraulein Henrietta Garthe, formerly a pupil of M. Garcia in London, and possessed of a splendid voice and good method. At a concert at Weimar, given by the members of the Grand Ducal Chapel, at which their Royal Highnesses were present, Herr Oberthür contributed his services, and was rewarded with warm applause and a recall at the conclusion. At Chemnitz, in Saxony, and again at Cologne, Herr Oberthür appeared before select and intelligent audiences with equal success.—*Brighton Guardian*.

VERDI'S OPERA "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO."—The New York public has been favoured with an opera not yet produced (singularly enough) either in London or Paris. I allude to Verdi's latest work, *La Forza del Destino*. It has been given at St. Petersburg and at Madrid, but in no other European city. The opera was produced at the Academy of Music in this city on Friday, March 3, and has already been repeated five times. The opinion of our musical critics is about equally divided in regard to its merits. By some "professionals" it is declared the finest of Verdi's compositions, while others say that they would not exchange the violin passages in *Les Huguenots* for the whole score of *La Forza del Destino*. It is evidently out of its composer's beaten track; Verdi seems to have made an attempt to assume the style so successfully followed by Meyerbeer and Gounod. The story is disconnected, incoherent, and, on the whole, supremely ridiculous. The best music lies in the second and third acts, with the exception of the duetto in the fourth act, which is probably the finest passage in the opera. There is a good opportunity for a ballet, which is of course lost in New York, but will be neither in London nor Paris. On the whole, the opera has not achieved a success here; there has been no excitement over it in the musical public, and it could never become popular with us. (*New York correspondent of the Morning Herald*).

WIE-BADEN.—A novelty has been produced here in the shape of a new opera entitled *Die Fee von Elvershöh* (*The Fairy of Elvershöh*), music by Ernst Reiter. The fairy is a mermaid, who enjoys the privilege of visiting the land now and then, in order to entice away into the depths of the ocean the youth who has gained her love. Something similar to this, English opera-goers have seen in *Lurline* and elsewhere. In the first act, she endeavors to entice the young fisherman, Asszur, by her singing, as he sails along. The youth, however, rendered proof to all such attempts by his love for the fair Gerda, continues his course, "fancy-free." There is, however, some danger of his being lost, and Gerda, who has hurried down to the shore, implores the Knight Meginhart to send his retainers to Asszur's rescue. But Meginhart, a slighted admirer of Gerda's, refuses, not altogether unnaturally, to listen to her entreaties. At this juncture her father, Rau, appears, and some of his servants save Asszur, a number of them, who have remained, singing mea while a prayer. But they have found the Fairy, also, and bring her, enveloped in her magic veil, back with them. In the second act, the Fairy has, by spells and charms, gained the affections of Asszur. But once again is Meginhart his rival. The wicked Knight carries off the Fairy and makes Asszur a prisoner. In the third act, Asszur's friends force their way into the Knight's castle, and Gerda, by tearing in two the magic veil, releases Asszur from the spell the Fairy has cast over him, while the Knight, annihilated by the deadening power of the Fairy's kiss, sinks with his supernatural mistress into the depths of the ocean. Such is the purport of the story, which contains much that is puerile and absurd. The music is an imitation of Richard Wagner and—of the classic writers, such as Mendelssohn, Weber, &c. Such being the case, it is not a matter of surprise that *Die Fee von Elvershöh* is very unlikely to prove a permanent success.

BRUNSWICK.—A grand Musical Festival is to be held here on the 10th, 11th, and 12th June. Among the artists who will take part in it are Herren Joachim, Walter, Hill, Mesdames Dustmann and Bettelheim.

MARC SOKOLOWSKI, a Polish guitarist of renown, will pay London a visit this season. In Paris M. Sokolowski made a great sensation by his clever performances and by the novel construction of the instrument upon which he plays.

LE SORILLE DORIA.—We learn from the Italian papers that two young ladies who, under the above name, have been singing with the most marked success in Florence, Milan, Turin, Bergamo, Genoa, and other places, are now creating, in the legitimate acceptance of the word, no inconsiderable sensation at the Teatro Goldoni at Reggio, where they are both engaged. On the occasion of their benefit during the carnival they made their appearance in a new opera, *Un Giorno di Caccia*, composed expressly for them by Gianelli, a young and rising musician. Their reception is described as having been perfectly enthusiastic, sonnets and poems in their praise having been profusely distributed through the theatre, many of them possessing much poetic merit. A shower of bouquets greeted them for the execution of their respective songs and for their share in the concerted pieces, and they were called before the curtain to receive the greetings of the audience again and again at the end of each act. Clara the elder is a soprano; Rosamond the younger a contralto. Both voices are said to be of excellent quality, unusually pure, full, and liquid in tone, and possessing great flexibility, their singing invariably true and thoroughly musician-like, while their unaffected, lady-like demeanour and strict propriety of conduct, have won for them golden opinions wherever they have sung. The tone of respect that is mingled with the admiration expressed in the sonnets and poems could not have been other than gratifying to themselves and to their friends. Our readers, we are sure, will not be sorry to hear that these accomplished young singers are countrywomen of their own. They are the daughters, we understand, of John Barnett, our well-known composer, who has spared no expense on their education, musical and otherwise. They are spoken of—one of them especially—as possessing considerable personal attractions, intelligence, and accomplishments. Their musical training has been of the most thorough description; first at the hands of their father and afterwards at Leipzig, where they resided for some years studying under the first professors, and since then in Italy, with the result above described. It is, we believe, their father's intention that they should remain abroad some time longer, and then make an appearance before an English audience, by whom they are sure to be received according to their merits—not the less cordially for being Englishwomen and their father's daughters.

BRIGHTON.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. E. de Paris' third quartet concert on Tuesday evening attracted a large audience to the Royal Pavilion, thus confirming the doctrine that perseverance in a good cause is sure to meet with its reward. The opening piece was Beethoven's quartet in E flat, op. 16, for pianoforte with stringed instruments, (originally written as a quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments), the executants being M.M. de Paris, Pollitzer, Goodban, and Nibbs. This was followed by Mr. Benedict's song "The Colleen Bawn," by Mr. Montgomery, and a stirring quartet by Haydon, (M.M. Pollitzer, Stern, Goodban and Nibbs). Miss Stabbach then gave "The Mermaid's Song," (*Oberon*), and "Where the Bee Sucks;" after which Mr. de Paris and Herr Pollitzer played the *Andante Con Variazioni* from Beethoven's Sonata op. 47 (the "Kreutzer"). The duet "Crudel perche," which followed was so well sung by Miss Stabbach and Mr. Montgomery that the audience insisted on its repetition. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's *Trio* in C minor, op. 66, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, played in a most spirited manner by M.M. De Paris, Pollitzer and Nibbs. The audience dispersed delighted with all they had heard.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

HAMMOND & CO.—"The Ocean Spirit's Song," by JOHN CHESHIRE.

Advertisement.

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For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

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